

a with which fruit trees deck themselves in

a spring—the striped petal of the cherry, the  
 apple blossom of the apples, pears, plums.

peaches. It embodied in textile fabrics all the glories and loveliness of an orchard. It was a feast to the eyes, a feast to the soul, a feast to all the senses. The entrancing odor of the white blossoms was, of course, wanting. As in the orchard, the fragrance was not so strong and vivid. It was powdery. Give me the orchard, I thought. I forgot. In that collection there were no blossoms. There were only the leaves, the rough almost plain, but into them are wrought their ran little films of gold or silver. The leaves are not so green as the leaves in nature's laboratory. The fabrics were so soft and pliant that they seemed to suggest how human hands could ever shape them into garments. It seems to me that it is not so much the color, the texture, the cut, fit, and drape such fabrics. It must be cut as delicate a work as sewing live butterflies.

I saw in my walks during those holidays a vast number of other wonderful and lovely things. I saw in the gardens of the great countries and climates were to my mind the most entrancing. Perhaps of all I had seen none so beautiful as the plate-glass windows. I was enraptured then only by reflection—through the plate-glass windows.

It was in the *Passant*, I remember, that I was clearly understood. My misery is great. I am not becoming. As I said, no gentleman would marry me. I am not becoming. Let him starve, like a gentleman. Neither I nor he can do anything. I am not becoming. I about to jump off the Bridge of Sighs—it is a fine view. I am not becoming. I am not contemplating suicide in any shape, though I do not know how I shall come to live. Nobody knows me, not even you, Sir. I am not becoming. I am not becoming, slightly altered from my former fashionable mortuary notice, "Please observe that there must be hundreds of cases in Italy similar. If not parallel, to mine." I am not becoming. I am not becoming. I am not becoming for a moment believe that it is the

[illegible]

to start the ball, and let one of our poets help  
good work along and immortalize himself  
—somebody stirring poems which shall "echo  
through the corridors of time" and lay the cor-  
nerstone of a home for poor old gentlemen.  
There are a million of large houses  
and a hundred of smaller ones, all killing  
and such an institution if they only knew  
— if they only knew. Hood's moral is:  
Feed the poor.  
By want of thought  
As well as want of heart.  
And we, we are always providing voices  
to deliver the poor from the prison in the  
mass, and we only learn of their existence to  
— when the beauties, crushed to death,  
— with their fragrance as their parting  
—

**THE GOSPEL WANT' FREE.**

at, in so deciding, a Judge's Language  
Aroused a Camp Meeting Society.

BIRDSONG, Pa., Jan. 14.—Religious circles  
this part of Berks county are greatly stirred  
over the action of the County Court in decid-  
ing lately in deciding a peculiar case in  
Court of Common Pleas. The case arose  
last summer from the persistence of the Joanna  
Lighter camp Meeting Society in charging an  
admission fee upon persons attending their  
camp meeting services on Sundays as well as week  
days. The fee was five cents. The Philadel-  
phia Sabbath Association held that the collec-  
tion of the fee Sunday was a violation of the  
law of 1794, defining "the employment"  
on Sundays, and the association had  
William Weidner, the camp meeting doc-  
tor, arrested. Justice of the Peace Kern  
sent him \$1. and costs, and the Camp Meeting  
Society paid it. The County Court, how-  
ever, decided that the five cents admission fee  
was legal, and that the County Court has  
jurisdiction over the case. It was the first  
neighborhood away from the camp meeting  
grounds, and that it was simply a "usual  
mode of doing business."

In case that has been brought to our attention, we are of opinion, warrants the charge of an impulsive admission price as the usual practice of the church, and that the church's grace is free and this subscription voluntary. The church is not a business, and it is not to the church unless he hands over a check to the treasurer, the church so denominated business is concerned, than would be the case, with his one price of admission. The church is not a business, and it is not to the church unless he hands over a check to the treasurer, the church so denominated business is concerned, than would be the case, with his one price of admission. The church is not a business, and it is not to the church unless he hands over a check to the treasurer, the church so denominated business is concerned, than would be the case, with his one price of admission.

very class that church and camp meeting services are designed to reach, and who of course are the ones who are most in need of the blessings of the Gospel. The exceptions are dismissed and the proceedings adjourned.

The language of Judge Ermentrout has made managers of the Indiana Heights Camp Meeting Society in Jacksonville feel they declare that they will appeal to the Supreme Court.

**Delicate Flattery of Freshmen.**  
*From the New Haven News.*

A certain barber in this beautiful city has been so good to one of his patrons of his trade, that he has been in a fair way to slip away from him, in the manner of it is this: He has among his customers a large number of freshmen, and for several years. These frisky youths insist upon being shaved, although their chins may be as smooth as a baby's. One day, however, a freshman saw that in order to keep that class of students he must convince them that it had hair on their chins. He took a fine razor and honed it down to a very fine edge. This accomplished, he so expertly shaved the freshmen that the smooth skin of the smooth flesh it made a noise as if the knife were being scraped off a barb-wire.

ALL COCKS  
P. B. BOWS

**PORE PLASTER**

Among those who testify to the merits of  
**LOCKE'S PORE PLASTER** are Mrs.  
Henry T. Beecher, the Hon. Saml J.  
Randall, Cyrus W. Field, Jr., the Hon.  
James W. Husted, Charles D. Fredricks,  
enry King, Manager Seaside Sanitarium,  
en John E. Mulford, George Augustus  
ala, and Sisters of Charity, Providence  
ospital, Washington, D. C.

Beware of imitations, and do not be